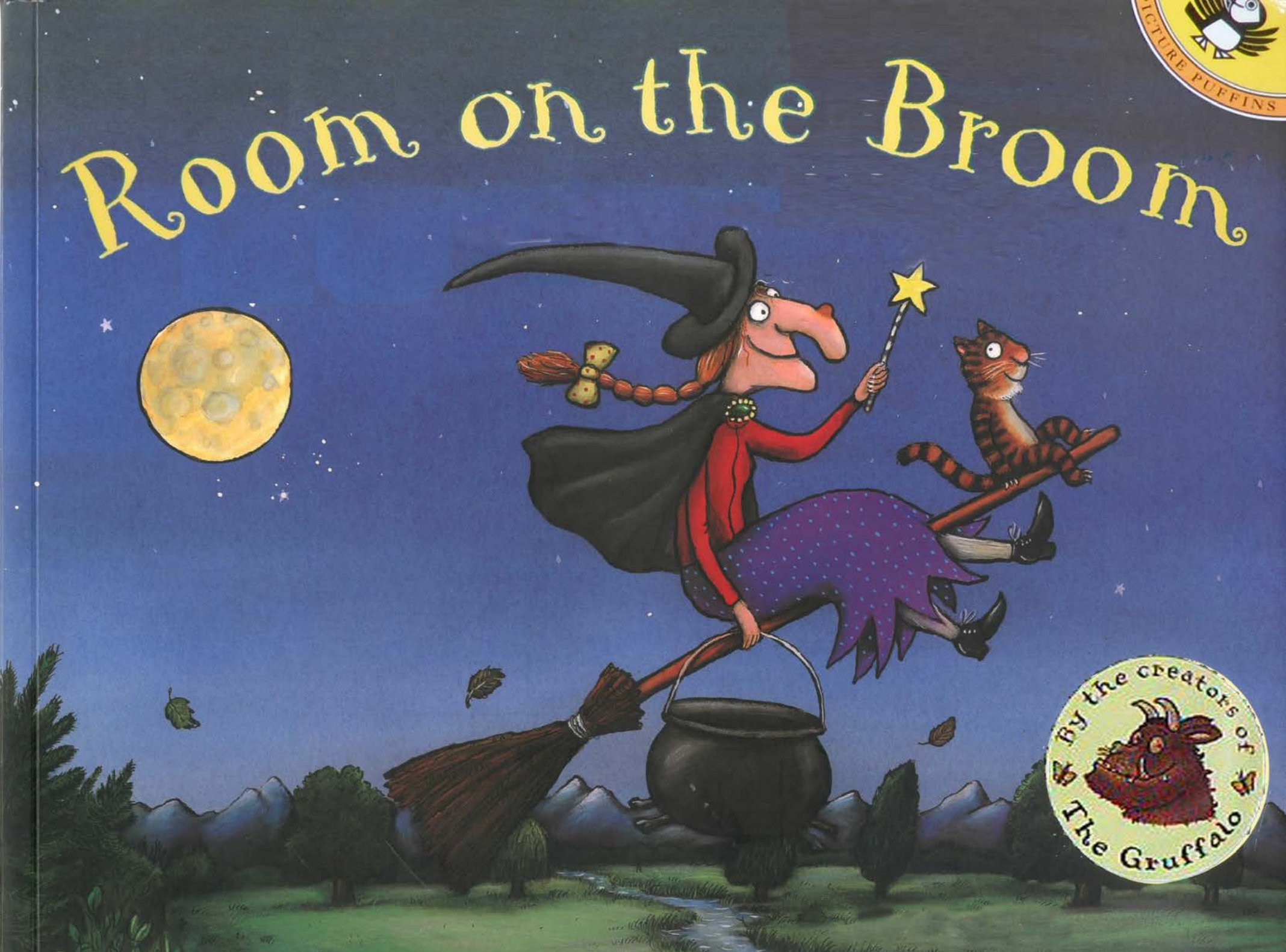
Room on the Broom



Room on the Broom

by Julia Donaldson

pictures by Axel Scheffler

PUFFIN BOOKS

The witch had a cat
and a hat that was black,
And long ginger hair
in a braid down her back.
How the cat purred
and how the witch grinned,
As they sat on their broomstick
and flew through the wind.

But how the witch wailed
and how the cat spat,
When the wind blew so wildly,
it blew off the hat.

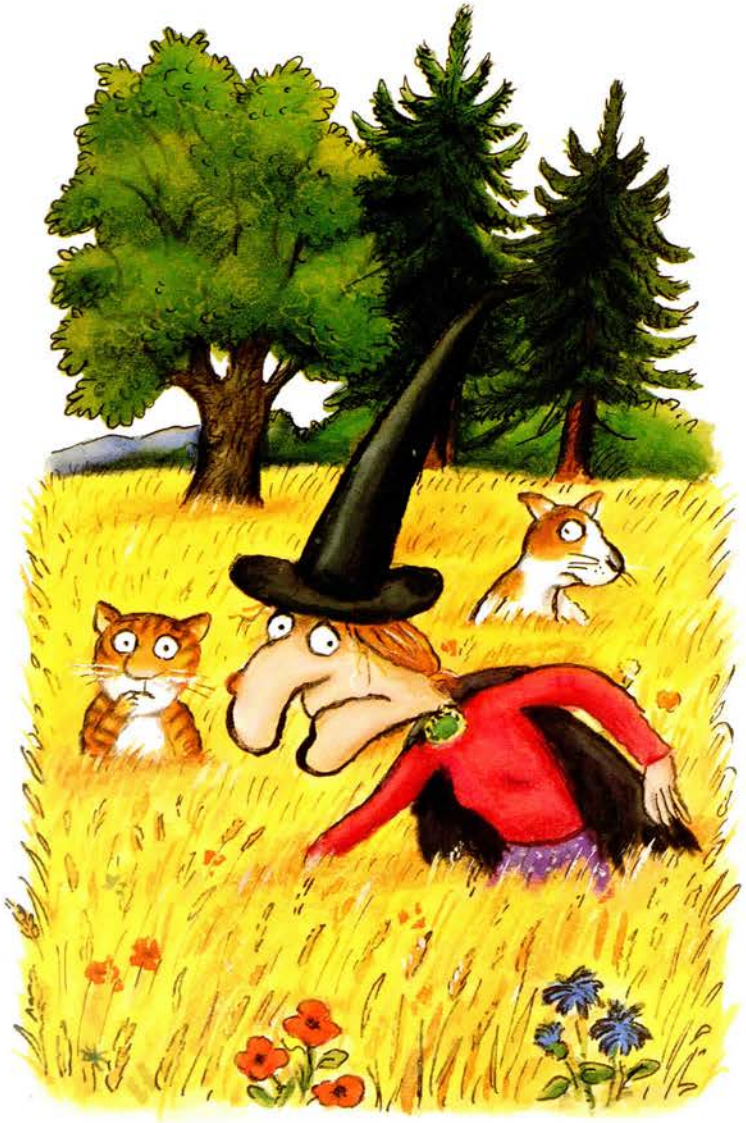
"Down!" cried the witch,
and they flew to the ground.
They searched for the hat,
but no hat could be found.

Then out of the bushes
on thundering paws
There bounded a dog
with the hat in his jaws.

He dropped it politely,
then eagerly said
(As the witch pulled the hat
firmly down on her head),
"I am a dog, as keen as can be.
Is there room on the broom
for a dog like me?"

"Yes!" cried the witch,
and the dog clambered on.
The witch tapped the broomstick and
whoosh! they were gone.

Over the fields and the
forests they flew.
The dog wagged his tail
and the stormy wind blew.
The witch laughed out loud
and held on to her hat,
But away blew the bow
from her brain--just like that!



"Down!" cried the witch,
and they flew to the ground.
They searched for the bow,
but no bow could be found.

Then out from a tree
with an ear-splitting shriek,
There flapped a green bird
with the bow in her beak.
She dropped it politely,
and bent her head low,

Then said (as the witch
tied her braid in the bow),
"I am a bird,
as green as can be.
Is there room on the broom
for a bird like me?"

"Yes!" cried the witch,
so the bird fluttered on.
The witch tapped the broomstick and
whoosh! they were gone.

Over the reeds and the
rivers they flew.
The bird shrieked with glee
and the stormy wind blew.
They shot through the sky
to the back of beyond.
The witch clutched her bow—
but let go of her wand.

"Down!"cried the witch,
and they flew to the ground.
They searched for the wand,
but no wand could be found.

Then all of a sudden
from out of a pond
Leaped a dripping wet frog
with a dripping wet wand.
He dropped it politely,
then said with a croak
(As the witch dried the wand
on a fold of her cloak),
"I am a frog, as clean as can be.
Is there room on the broom
for a frog like me?"
"Yes!" said the witch, so the frog
bounded on.

The witch tapped the broomstick and
whoosh! they were gone.
Over the moors and the
mountains they flew.
The frog jumped for joy and...

THE BROOM SNAPPED IN TWO!

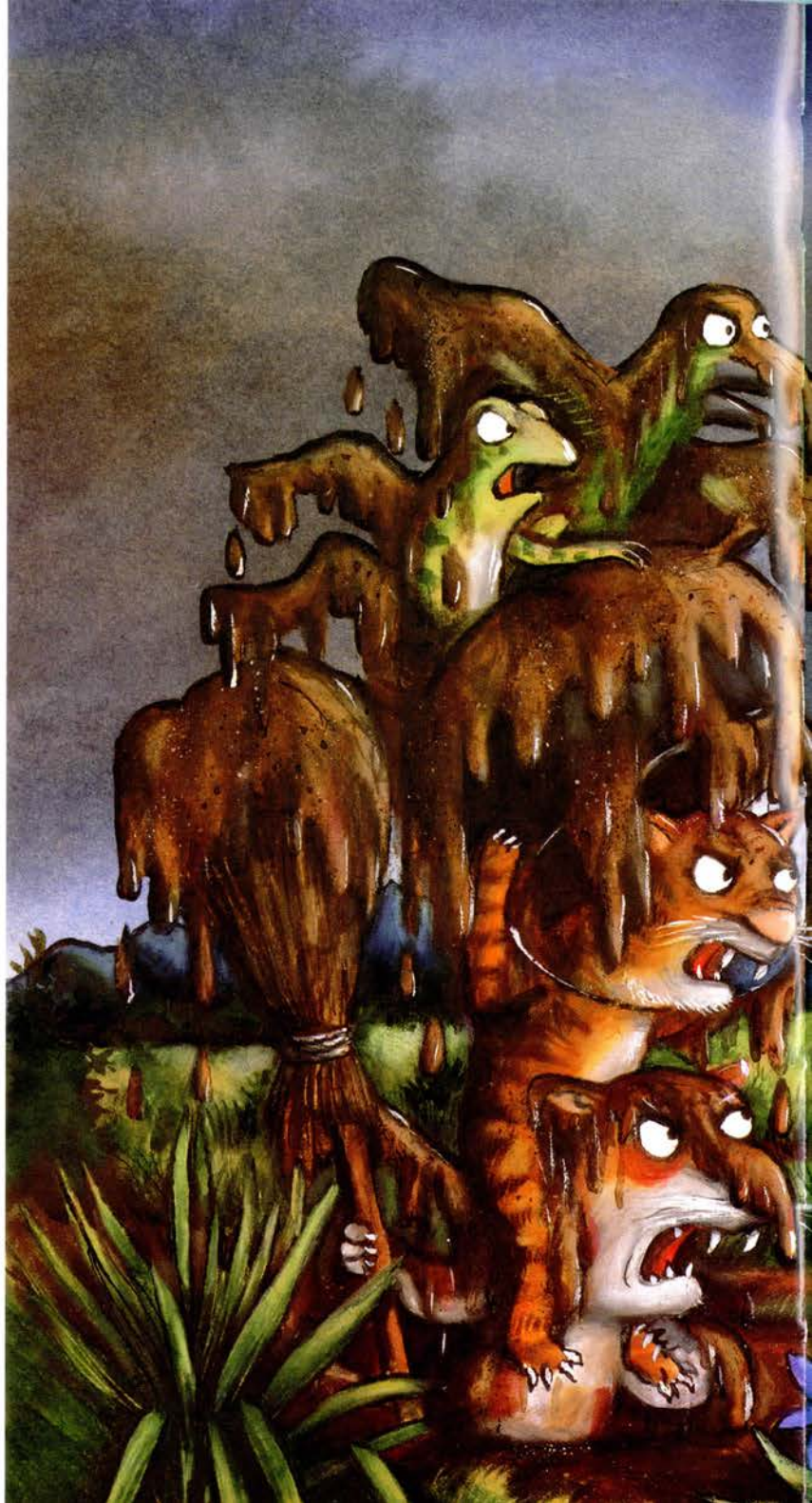
Down fell the cat and the dog
and the frog.
Down they went tumbling
into a bog.

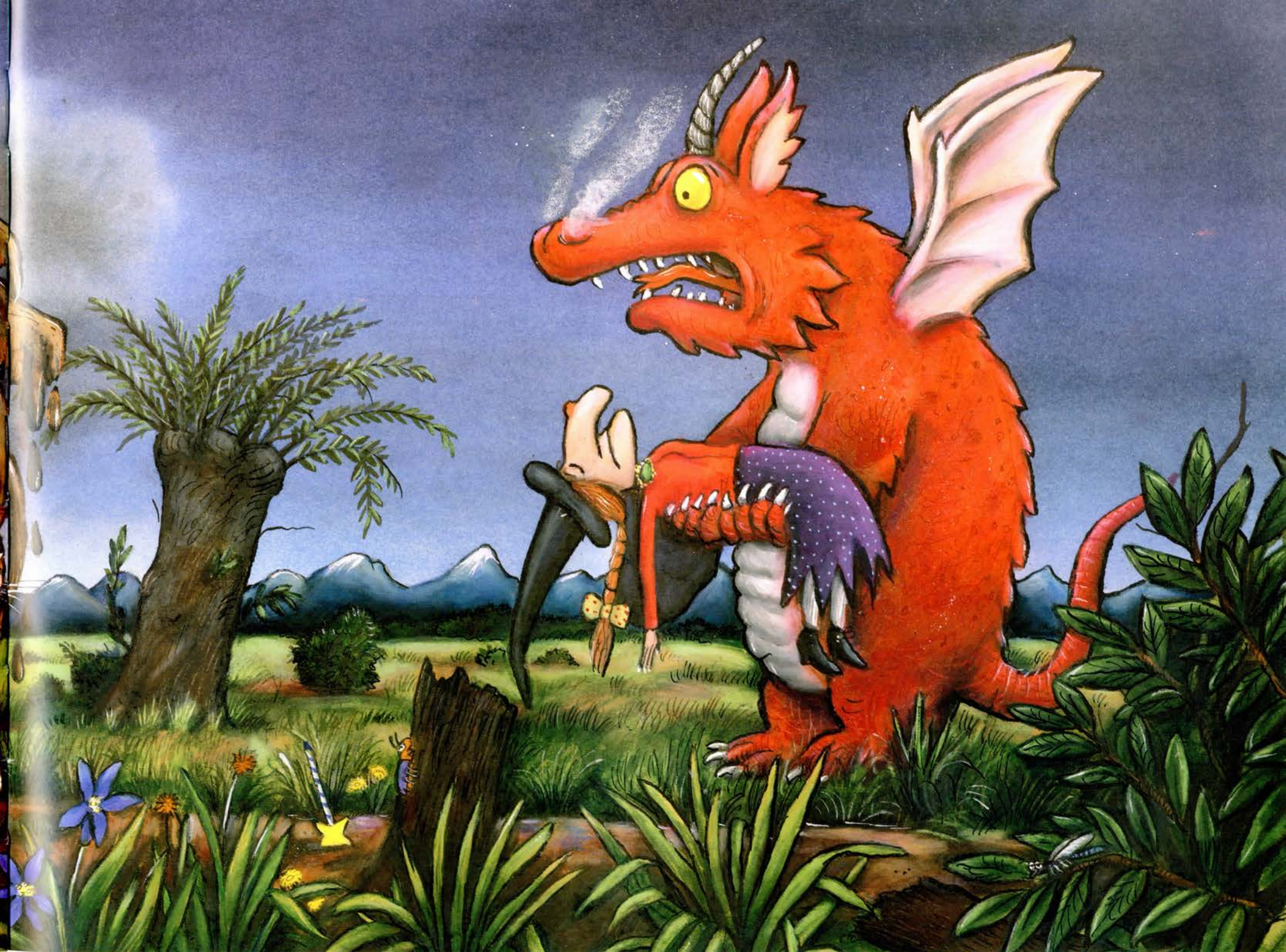
The witch's half-broomstick
flew into a cloud,
And the witch heard a roar
that was scary and loud...

"I am a dragon, as mean as can be,
And witch with french fries
tastes delicious to me!"
"No!" cried the witch,
flying higher and higher.
The dragon flew after her,
breathing out fire.
"Help!" cried the witch,
flying down to the ground.
She looked all around
but no help could be found.

The dragon drew near
with a glint in his eyes,
And said," Just this once
I'll have witch without fries."

But just as he planned
to begin on his feast,
From out of a ditch
rose a horrible beast.
It was tall, dark, and sticky,
and feathered and furred.
It had four frightful heads,
It had wings like a bird.
And its terrible voice,
When it started to speak,
Was a yowl and growl
and a croak and a shriek.
It dripped and it squelched
as it strode from the ditch,
And it said to the dragon,
"Buzz off!--
THAT'S MY WITCH!"





The dragon drew back
and he started to shake.
"I'm sorry!" he spluttered.
"I made a mistake.
It's nice to have met you,
but now I must fly."
And he spread out his wings
and was off through the sky.

Then down flew the bird
and down jumped the frog.
Down climbed the cat,
and,"Phew!" said the dog.
And, "Thank you, oh, thank you!"
the grateful witch cried.
"Without you I'd be
in that dragon's inside."

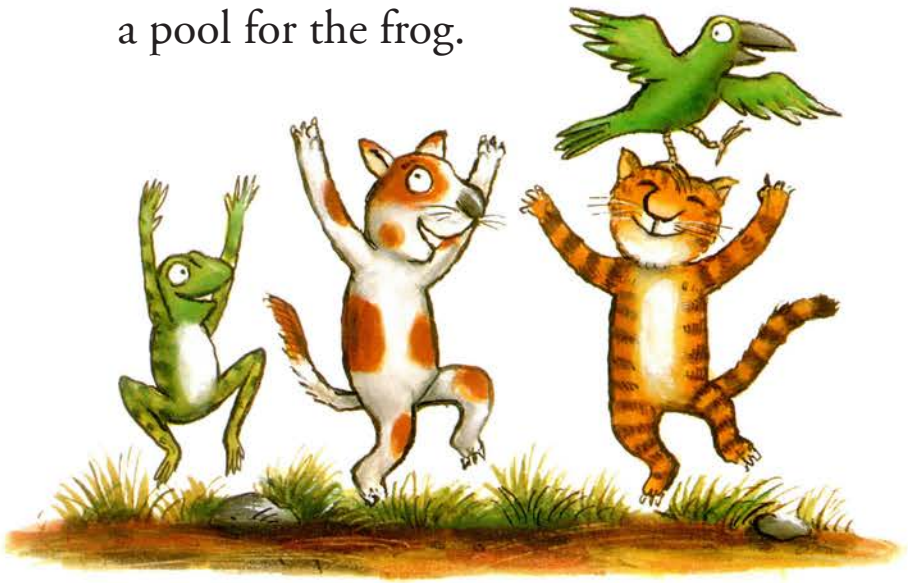
Then she filled up her cauldron
and said with a grin,
"Find something, everyone,
throw something in!"
So the frog found a lily,
the cat found a cone,
The bird found a twig,
and the dog found a bone.

They threw them all in
and the witch stirred them well,
And while she was stirring,
she muttered a spell.
"Iggety, ziggety, zaggety, ZOOM!"

Then out rose...

A TRULY MAGNIGFICENT BROOM!

With seats for the witch
and the cat and the dog,
A nest for the bird and
a pool for the frog.



"Yes!" cried the witch,
and they all clambered on.
The witch tapped the broomstick and
whoosh! they were gone.

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